

In Recital

Kevin Gagnon
Baritone

Monday, March 9th, 1998
Convocation Hall
U of A Campus



Department of Music
University of Alberta

ORDER OF PROGRAM

**Selections from
First Book of Airs (1597)**

**John Dowland
(1563 - 1626)**

- I. Unquiet Thoughts
- VII. Dear, If You Change I'll Never Choose Again
- XX. Come, Heavy Sleep

Trevor Sanders - Guitar

**Vier Ernste Gesänge Opus 121 (1896) Johannes Brahms
(1833 - 1897)**

- I. Denn Es Gehet Dem Menschen Wie Dem Vieh
- II. Ich Wandte Mich
- III. O Tod, O Tod, Wie Bitter
- IV. Wenn Ich Mit Menschen

Roger Admiral - Piano

**Bella Siccome Un Angelo
from *Don Pasquale* (1842)**

**Gaetano Donizetti
(1797 - 1848)**

INTERMISSION - TEN MINUTES

Chansons de Don Quichotte (1932)

**Jacques Ibert
(1890 - 1962)**

Chanson du Départ
Chanson à Dulcinée
Chanson du Duc
Chanson de la Mort

Let Us Garlands Bring

**Gerald Finzi
(1901 - 1956)**

- I. Come Away, Come Away, Death (1938)
- II. Who is Silvia? (1929)
- III. Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun (1929)
- IV. O Mistress Mine (1940)
- V. It Was a Lover and His Lass (1942)

Mr. Gagnon is a recipient of the Beryl Barnes Memorial Scholarship in Music.

This Recital is given in partial fulfillment of the degree of Bachelor of Music, Performance route.

VIER ERNSTE GESÄNGE

I. Denn Es Gehet Dem Menschen

For it befalleth man as it does the beast:

As that dies, so he dies too,
And they all have the same breath,
And man has no more than the beast,

For all is vanity.

All things go to the same place,
For everything is made of dust
And turns to dust again.

Who knows if the spirit of man goes upward,

And the breath of the beast downward,

Downward into the earth?

Therefore I saw there is nothing better

Than that man should rejoice in his work,

For that is his portion,

For who shall bring him to see

What shall be after him?

II. Ich Wandte Mich

I turned 'round and looked at all
Who suffered wrongs beneath the sun.

And behold, there were the tears of those

Who suffered wrongs and had no comforter,

And they who wronged them were too mighty,

So that they could not have any comforter.

Then I praised the dead who had already died,

More than the living, who still had life.

And he who does not yet exist is better off than both,

And does not know of the evil that happens beneath the sun.

III. O Tod, O Tod, Wie Bitter

Oh death, oh death, how bitter are you!

When a man thinks of you,

He who has a good life and enough,

And who lives without cares,

And who fares well in all things,

And who may still eat!

Oh death, oh death, how bitter are you!

Oh death, how welcome you are to the needy one,

He who is weak and old,

And whose life is filed with cares,

And has nothing better to hope for,

nor to expect;

Oh death, oh death, how welcome
are you!

IV. Wenn Ich Mit Menschen

Though I speak with the tongues
of men and of angels,
And have not charity,
I am become as sounding brass
or a tinkling cymbal.
And though I have the gift of
prophecy,
And understand all mysteries and
all knowledge;
And though I have all faith, so that
I could remove mountains,
And yet have not charity, I am
nothing.
And though I bestow all my goods
to feed the poor,
And suffered my body to be burned,
And have not charity,
It profiteth me nothing.
For now we see through a mirror,
darkly;
But then face to face.
Now I know it partly;
But then I shall know it,
Even as I am known.
And now abideth faith, hope and
charity, these three;
But the greatest of these is charity.

BELLA SICCOME UN ANGELO

Beautiful as an angel
On a pilgrimage to earth,
Fresh as the lily
That opens upon morning,
Eyes that speak and laugh,
A glance that conquers hearts,
Hair that transcends ebony,
An enchanting smile...

An innocent, ingenuous soul
That disregards itself,
Incomparable modesty,
Goodness that makes you fall in
love...
Merciful to the poor,
Gentle, sweet, affectionate...
Heaven made her be born
In order to make a heart happy.

CHANSONS DE DON QUICHOTTE

Chanson Du Départ
This new castle, this new edifice,
All enriched with marble and
porphyry,
Which love has built as a castle for
her empire,
Where all heaven has expended its
skill,

Is a rampart, a fortress against vice,
Where virtue as a mistress resides,
Which the eye looks on and the
 mind admires,
forcing all hearts to serve her.
It is a castle made in such a way
That no one can approach its gate
If he has not saved his people from
 great kings.
Victorious, valiant and loving.
No knight, however adventurous
 he be,
Can win the place without such
 qualities.

Chanson À Dulcinée
Each day lasts a year for me
If I do not see my Dulcinea
But love has depicted her face
In order to relieve my languor,
In the spring and in the cloud,
In every dawn and every flower.
Each day lasts a year for me
If I do not see my Dulcinea
Ever near and ever far,
Star of my long roads:
The wind carries her breath to me
When it passes over the jasmine.
Each day lasts a year for me
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

Chanson Du Duc
I wish to sing, here, the lady of
 my dreams,

Who exalts me above this sordid age.
Her heart of diamond is free from
 lies;
The rose darkens at the sight of her
 cheek.
For her, I have attempted high
 adventures;
My arm has delivered the enslaved
 Princess;
I have conquered the Magician,
 confounded the traitors,
And made the world bow down in
 homage to her
Lady, through whom I go my way,
 the only one on this earth
Who is not a prisoner of false
 appearance,
I champion against every rash knight
Thy unmatched splendour and thy
 excellence.

Chanson De La Mort
Do not weep, Sancho,
Do not weep, my good friend
Thy master is not dead,
He is not far from thee,
He lives in a happy Island where all
 is pure and free from deceit,
In the island, found at last, whither
 thou wilt one day come,
In the island longed for by thee, O
 my Sancho!

The books are burnt
And make a heap of ashes;
If all the books have killed me.
It needs but one that I should live
A shadow in life, and real in death --
Such is the strange fate of poor

Don Quichotte

Ah! --

Following the recital, there will be a reception in the Arts Lounge out front, please attend! Well, this recital has been a long time coming and difficult in creation. I would like to thank the most important people who were involved. I give my thanks to Roger Admiral and Trevor Sanders for their time and talents, to Dr. Ord, my instructor, for his guidance and teaching, to my exquisite family for their unflagging support and love, not to mention cooking. Thanks to all of you in the audience for coming out and supporting me this evening, it means a great deal to me. Here's hoping that there is a Bachelor's Degree in my near future.

Warmly and Sincerely,

Kevin Gagnon

androps and many weeks before we were able to
get a boat and get away from the camp. I am still
very much interested in the life of the people and their
ways of living. I am writing to you about
the new village which I have just
seen. It is a very small village and has
about 10 houses. The people are very poor and
have no money. They live by hunting and fishing.
The houses are made of mud and sticks. The people are
very friendly and are always willing to help others.
I am sending you some pictures of the village
and the people. I hope you will like them.

Yours sincerely,
John Smith

John Smith

Joke Time Again...

A photographer from National Geographic was studying a little-known tribe and was settling into his new existence. He had been with the tribe for a few days already and had noticed some incessant drums being played, day and night. After a week without end it was driving him nuts, so he went to the chief, who spoke a little English, and asked him why the drums played.

"Mmmmm, if drums stop, bad thing happen." intoned the chief.

Satisfied for the time being and ascribing the phenomenon to tribal superstition, the photographer went about his business. Another week passed, still no end to the drums. The Photographer was at his wits end and so approached the chief again.

"Mmmmm, if drums stop, bad things happen." intoned the chief once more.

Defeated, the photographer tried to get on with his work but only made it a few days. Driven nearly insane by the drums he made his way back to the chief.

"Mmmmm, if drums stop, bad thing happen." said the chief again.

"What! What! What could be so bad?! What could be worse than those drums?"

"Mmmmm, when drums stop, then come Bass Solo."

And now...the drums have stopped.